PERSONALITIES.

MR GLADSTONE, THE DEVIL, MR. BALFOUR, MR. CHAMBERLAIN, MR. HEALY, AND MR. GLADSTONE.

London, July 27. The Devil, as Mr. Chamberlain remarked yesterday, is beginning to play a considerable part in the debates of the House of Commons. Mr. Wallace introduced him, and as Mr. Wallace has in times past been a Scotch minister of the gospel, he ought to be good authority. Mr. Wallace invited the House to remember that there was a very Old Parliamentary Hand, of even longer standing in that House than the Prime Minister, who, after theory, now strongly held, that Mr. Gladstone is Home Rule had been granted, would still find some immortal. He was visiting at Dollis Hill two mischief for idle folk to do. The House cheered and laughed, but Mr. Gladstone sat with his blackest and most indignant look, unable to con- Andrew arrived shortly before dinner, saw Mr. ceive that anybody, and least of all a follower of his own, should take such a liberty with him:

Mr. Gladstone himself not many days later was to be heard taking in vain the name of that Older Par. run?" and off he went. He will be eighty-four liamentary Hand, Much angered by Mr. Chamber- in December. lain's dissection of his brand-new financial proposals for Ireland, he likened him to the Devil's Advocate. He treated the House, which enjoys impartially any attack on anybody, to an explanation of the functions of the Devil's Advocate. He described, in phrases of endless amplification, for which I fear you might not find room if I quoted them, as I should like to do, the proceedings of the Court of Rome when a saint is to be manufactured. He explained how the Devil's Advocate is brought in to say everything that can be said against the eandidate for canonization; to the end that the worst side of his life might be laid bare, and spiritual honors be denied him if he could not endure this devil's scrutiny. Such, said Mr. Gladstone, was the office which Mr. Chamberlain had discharged toward the Home Rule bill.

It was a good point neatly taken, but overelaborated and dangerously open to retort. Mr. Balfour at once replied that while making no comment on the taste or propriety of the metaphor, he would point out that the functions of Devil's Advocate were exercised only with regard to the dead. If the Home Rule bill were to be treated as dead, he was sure Mr. Chamberlain would not object, and as for himself, when once the author of Home Rule had admitted it was a corpse he was perfectly ready to take any part in any post-mortem ceremony. Next day Mr. Chamberlain replied that if Mr. Gladstone himself did not object to being likened to the Devil he did not see why he. Mr. Chamberlain, need mind being called the Devil's Advocate. The duties of this functionary had often been usefully performed. He had in more than one case destroyed the angelic theory, and he should himself be glad if he could do as much. The phrase "angelic theory," which has here passed into everyday speech, is Lord Salisbury's. Whether any of Lord Salisbury's words ever reach the American mind I don't know. This was employed with reference to Mr. Gladstone's constant reply to all criticisms on the want of cheeks and safeguards in his Home Rule bill: "How can you suspent the motives or doubt the acts of my honorable friends?" is a question which the Prime Minister has asked, not once, but a hundred times. The Irish, including the Land Leaguers, the Moonlighters, the dynamiters, and that hero of Phoenix Park whom Mr. O'l rien called "Honest Dan Curley," but who was nevertheless hanged for the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish-were all angels. Hence the angelic theory. It has been worked rather too hard. Sir William Harcourt was asked on Monday if he could imagine the case of any Irishman wishing to go back to Ireland under Home Rule. Sir William, who is capable of a cynical frankness, replied: "It is impossible for me to tell what an Irishman would . It was in the course of the same debate that

Mr. Gladstone, under the stress of cross-examina-tion, admitted that he did not now propose to settle the land question. "You called it in 1886 an obligation of honor," cried Mr. Chamberlain. "Yes," replied Mr. Gladstone, "an obligation of honor with respect to facts and circumstances that were then existing (ironleal laughter), and expressly stated by me, as my right honorable friend must know, to be an obligation to those temporary facts and circumstances." ("Oh," and laughter, It was Mr. Balfour who made the stinging newer: "Temporary obligations have been accustomed to consider that the obligations of honor are permanent." So, indeed, had Mr. Gladstone, till in an evil hour for his own fame and his own nature, he plunged into this bottomless Irish bog.

Mr. Balfour's retort is good as a retort, but there is a more serious and fatal answer. In what respect are the facts and circumstances so changed as to release Mr. Gladstone or anybody else from the obligations of honor which admittedly existed in 1886? They were obligations of honor to the Irish landlord. He could not honorably be left, as Mr. John Morley, among others, declared, to the tender mercies of a Land League Parliament in Dublin. Before a Dublin Parliament could honorably be set up, the Irish landlord's rights must be protected; his interests safeguarded, his property rescued from spoliation by men who avowed their purpose to confiscate it and to drive him out of the country. Hence, the Land Bill of 1886, "inseparably" connected with the Home Rule bill of 1886. The landlord's posttion is in 1893 what it was in 1886; his rights and his property are exposed to exactly the same perils at the hands of the same men with the same purposes of robbery in their minds and on

If, then, there was an obligation of honor in 1886, what has become of it in 1893? In what respect is it less stringent or less sucred? It is now to be discharged by withdrawing the power of confiscation from the Dublin Parliament for three years. At the end of three years the landlord is to be flung to the wolves. It is not the facts and circumstances that are temporary. They are permanent. It is Mr. Gladstone's sense of the obligation of honor to which the element of permanence is wanting. The obligations of political necessity, the obligations of his compact with the enemies of England, of the Empire, and of Society, as'it exists in Ireland, the obligations of his bondage to the Land Leaguers and Nationalists-they it is which are now permanent, and honor goes by the board. It is the most melancholy incident in a policy which ever since its adoption has been full of melancholy incidents. And it is but a melancholy satisfaction to note that Mr. Gladstone's friends in America and in the American Press are beginning to open their eyes to the truth. I heartily wish the truth were otherwise, but since it is not, what is there to do

but look it in the face? The cable and the proofreader have unwittingly read Mr. Healy a lesson in good manners,-not that he will care for it or profit by it. The other kind of manners are part of his stock-in-trade. He appears in print as addressing and apostrophizthe Clerk of the House by his name, prefixed with the "Mr." which, both in print and in oral lress, is in this country employed by those who wish to be civil, whether to friends or foes. What Mr. Healy in fact said during Mr. Sexton's iny was, "Leave the Chairman alone, Milman": and again, as if calling the Universe to witness: "Milman is in the Chair." There is also this country an unwritten Parliamentary rule which forbids, or at least discourages, attacks on cannot. If he opened his lips in reply to Mr. Heaty, I know not what awful penaltics might not await him: the Clock Tower, or what the excitable Irish-American sometimes calls the tortures of a British dungeon. It is well known that every British dungeon is furnished with a rack and a pair of thumbscrews, and with these the British jailer is expected to practise on his prisoners. The rack is used on Tuesdays, Thursdays

and Caturdays; on other days the thumberrows.

But Mr. Milman escaped the dungeon and torture by the simple process of holding his tongue and submitting in silence to Mr. Healy's objurgations. It has already been remarked that Mr. Gladstone, as Leader of the House, might have been expected to intervene in behalf of an official of the House. The expectation was most unreasonable. Mr. Gladstone must obey the orders of his Irish masters, and they do not allow him to interfere with their amusements. Mr. Mellor expected him to support the authority of the Chair when defied and disobeyed by Mr. Sexton, but that also was unreasonable. It is only the English who are to be subject to "discipline."

But I will escape from these political mazes and tell you a short story tending to confirm the Sundays ago, and his physician, Sir Andrew Clark, had been invited to meet him. Gladstone, thought him looking white and fired, and proposed a walk. "Yes," said the Prime Minand shocked still more by what he andoubtedly regarded as a blasphemous allusion. Nevertheless, such is the force of evil example, of the open air had filled his lungs, he turned to Sir Andrew and said: "Why not make it a G. W. S.

SIAM IN PARIS.

DISLIKE OF ENGLAND IS MANIFEST.

Paris, July 25. The troubles of France with Siam may lead to nothing serious; but here in Paris they have stirred up certain peculiarly Parisian humors. It is to be feared that these will not be transmitted through the ordinary English channels for the communication of French news. The English always take seriously everything which touches their Indian Empire and commerce. They can never appreciate the versatile lightness of French antics at their expense.

The truth is that the excitement about the

Land of the White Elephant has come just in time for everybody. The Government is glad to have something to stimulate French Chauvinism (" Jingoism") and to draw the minds of the peo ple away from too much interest in the general elections of August 20. The people are glad to have any excitement at all during the dull season; even after Panama they find it hard to keep up any lively interest in home politics. An American finds this strange when he remembers that in three weeks' time general elections throughout the country will determine the whole administration of France for more than four-years.

Siam and the English are safe subjects all round for the fireworks of French wit and excitement. This is not always the case. The late war in Dahomey was a good safety-valve, under control of the Government, for spirits unduly heated by the Panama disclosures. But when General Dodds came back, in all the glory of success, care was taken that he should have no public reception. He is too much like another conquering here who was once to come riding into Paris on his black horse. At present the Parisian public, which cares only to be amused, can safely be trusted with any excitement which will make the people shout for the Government against "perfidious Albion." This also enables the Ministry to give a clever turn to the excitement caused by the publication of papers supposed to have been stolen from the British Embassy.

The popular dislike of England has been gro ing for many years. It is broked up by the settled opinious of business men and politicians. In the first place, the French feel that they have been cheated out of Egypt and all the fat plums to be had in the administration of that country. Their resentment against the English is mingled with admiring envy and a scarcely hidden destre to pay them back in some other part of the world. Next, a common idea prevails that France, by annoying England in the East, can further the interests of Russia. Now the popular enthusiasm for Russia shows no sign of abating. Just as the French Army is the only institution at home which calls out the full confidence of the people, so the Franco-Russian alliance is at the root of all popular interest in foreign affairs. Apart from this, the French people are willing to remain what they have always been—the self-sufficient, self-contented Chinese of Europe.

Last of all, the business men of France are convinced that the extension of their output for home manufactures depends on the breaking down of English predominance in Eastern commerce. Already the East Indian commerce of France amounts to one-lifteenth of the total experiation

Already the East Indian commerce of France amounts to one-lifteenth of the total experiation and to more than twice as much of the imports. Now there is a fixed idea that a victory over Siam in the present matter will open to French commerce a wide and exclusive roadway into China. Add to this that it will prove a check to English influence on the Burman frontier, which again will seriously help the Russians in their advance of the Pamirs. Finally, besides repaying England for her misdeeds in Egypt, it will be her hands in case she should incline toward the Triple Alliance of the enemies of France.

These points, in the abstract, are no secret to the English press; but you nowhere see appreciated at its just value the animus which facy create in the breasts of ordinary Frenchmen. Foreigners are slow to recognize the vital change growing up in these last few years of the Kepublic, which, weak and corrupt as it may have been, is the only possible government for France. Politics has become a bore to the people; patriotism is all abroad, if anywhere; and the commercial spirit rules everything. It is not too much to say that Frenchmen, as a mation, now care little by whom or how they are governed, provided two things flourish—the French Army and French trade. Thus, in spite of spasmodic revolutions, the French people, under the Republic as under the Empire and the Mozarchy, keep closer and closer to the routine which has essentially prevailed from the time of Richelieu. France is for herself against all the world.

SIAM'S SURGEON-GENERAL.

From The Baltimore American.

From The Baltimore American.

Persons who have been following the recent events in Slam, and who have read in the newspapers statements regarding foreigners in the employ of the King of that country, will be interested to learn that one of the most influential and trusted of these is a Baltimorean, who is now surgeon-general of the Slamese grmy, physician to the household of the King, and at the head of large educational institutions which he has modelled, with the King's consent and co-operation, after prominent Baltimore institutions of learning. This into the prominent Baltimore institutions of learning. This into it is the University of Maryland, and went to Blam as a medical missionary of the Presbyterian Hoard of Missions. No foreign officer in the service has a greater influence with the King than Dr. Hayes. The doctor is also an accredited minister of the Presbyterian Church.

Mr. D. W. Glass, of this city, is an intimate friend of Dr. Hayes, and knew him well when he was a struggling student at the Maryland University. Dr. Hayes first confided to Mr. Glass his desire to become a Presbyterian missionary, and it was Mr. Glass who introduced the now distinguished Slamese-American to Dr. Mitchell, of the American Board of Missions.

In offering his services as a missionary, he said he wished to be sent to the most uninviting field, for he was willing to suffer, if need be, for the Master's cause. He thought Slam too easy a field, but the board insisted on his going there.

The first year he performed 3,000 surgical operations, and met with surprising success in handling his cases, so much so that the Slamese looked upon his work as miraculous. The King of Slam heard of his wonderful cures, and sent for him, and, stating that his services were indispensable to the Government medical institutions and hospitals similar to those in the United States, and also a Government of Slam, offered him the position of surgeon-general of the army, with power to establish Government of Slam, offered him the position of su

CHICAGO'S UNEMPLOYED.

From The Chicago Record.

Labor leaders are making strenuous objections to the manner in which some of the employment bureaus are filling the city with men for whom there is little chance of employment. It is said that the offices are wholly unable to secure employment for any one, and that the ultimate effect of the present influx of workers must eventually be a reduction of wages for those who are already here. The close of work at the World's Fair here. The close of work at the World's Fair here. The close of work at the World's Fair here. The close of work at the World's Fair here. The close of work at the World's Fair here. The close for work at the World's Fair here. The close for work at the World's Fair here. The close for work at the World's Fair here. The close of work at the World's Fair here. The close of work at the World's Fair here. The close of the men on the market, which was aiready carrying from 50,000 to 75,000. It is now estimated that no less than 150,000 artisans are walking the streets looking for employment. That many of these will suffer for the actual necessities of life this winter seems a certainty, and that their presence in the city is a constant menace to the stability of the labor market appears an equal certainty. From The Chicago Record.

AMONG THE WILD FLOWERS. the plants were uprooted and carried off for various purposes. It is well, too, to remember that

FLOWERS.

CONSTELLATIONS OF THE SEA-PINK-THE MOST BRILLIANT ORCHID OF THE YEAR-A BE-LATED VISITOR OF THE EVENING PRIM-ROSE-TWO SHOWY FORFIGNERS-PERRIES GROWING PLENTIFUL.

BY MRS. WILLIAM STARR DANA.

Copyright : 1893 ; By The Tribune Association, If some one should ask me to show him place of all others which would reveal the largest number of striking flowers peculiar to the sesson, I should like to guide him to a certain salt-marsh:-a salt-marsh which is cut up here and there by little inlets, where the water runs up at high tide and



SARBATIA CHLOROIDES.

occasionar islands of higher, drier land that are covered with tall trees. In the distance the marsh only looks refreshingly green, but if we draw nearer we see patches of vivid coloring, for which the bright grass of the salt-meadows fails to ac-count. If we enter it by way of the sand-hills on the beach, we almost hesitate to step upon the dainty carpet which his before us. Handreds of sea-pinks or subbatia gleam like rosy stars above the grasses. Yet the prodical tashion in which this plant lavishes its rich color upon the meadows does not constitute its sole or even its chief claim upon our enthusiasm, for it is as perfect in detail eqrolla is of the purest pink, with clear markings of red and yellow at its centre. As in the willowherb or firewood, the stamens and pistals mature at different times and self-fertilization is avoided. One peculiarly large and beautiful species is subbatia chloroides. This is found bordering brackish ponds along the ceast. I have never been so fortunate as to see it growing, but specimens have been sent me from Cape Cod. A less conspicuous kind abounds in the rich soil of the

Another abundant plant which is sure to excite our interest is the sea-layender. Its small layender-colored flowers are spiked along one stile of the leafless, branching stems, giving a misty effect which makes its other common name of marsh resemany seem peculiarly appropriate, when we know that the title is derived from the Latin for "sea-spray." Here, too, we find the mock bishop-weed, one of the most delicate of the Parsleys, with thread-like leaves and tiny white flowers growing in bracted clusters, the shape of



which might suggest to the imaginative a bishop's cap. Through its veil of flower and foliage we the pinkish stems, opposite, clasping leaves and small flesh-colored blossoms of the marsh St. John's wort, an attractive plant whose chief charm, perhaps, lies in its foliage and coloring, as its flowers, although pretty, are rather small and Parts of the meadow are bright with the oblong.

clover-like heads of the milkwort. They seem to deepen in color from day to day till finally they look almost red. They are closely related to the lovely fringed polygala of the June woods, and to the little moss-like species with narrow leaves growing in circles about its stem, and thick flower-heads of purplish-pink, which can be found at the inner borders of this same marsh. There is a hollow in the meadow which is always too wet to be explored comfortably without rubber boots and which becomes at high tide a salt water pond. Its edges are guarded by ranks of tall swamp mallows, whose great rose-colored flowers flutter like banners in the breeze. Close by are thickets turned plakish purple by the dense flower clusters of the largest and most showy of the tick-trefoils, a group of plants which are now in full bloom and which can be recognized by their three-divided leaves, pink or purple pea-like flowers, and by their flat roughened pods which adhere to our clothes with regrettable pertinacity. The botany assigns this species to rich woods, but I have never seen it more abundant than here.

Only by pushing our way through a miniature forest composed of the purple-streaked stems, divided leaves and white flowers of another Parsley. the water-hemlock, do we reach the stretch of land which glories in the treasure which makes this especial marsh more brilliant and unusual than the many others which skirt the coast. This treasure is the yellow-fringed orchis, which rears its full orange-colored domes on every side, making a mass of burning color in the morning sunlight. I have never found an orchid growing in such abundance elsewhere, and I hope the lonely meadow will guard its secret, lest some wholesale despoiler should contrive to rob it permanently of its greatest beauty. orchids which were abundant formerly in parts of England can no longer be found in that

plucking all of its flowers is equivalent to uprooting the plant in the case of annuals and biennials, as the future life of the species de-SALT-MARSHES AGLOW WITH AUGUST pends upon the seeds which the flowers set. In clefts of the rocks which skirt the inlet the bright scarlet petals of the pimpernel, the "poor man's weather-glass" of the English, open in the sunlight and close at the approach of a storm. The sandy bog beyond is yellow with the fragrant helmet-like flowers of the horned bladderwort Where the ground grows less yielding on the borders of the tree-covered island are bright patches of meadow-beauty or rhexia, a delicate, pretty flower with four large rounded petals of deep purple-pink, and with pistil and stamens which

protrude noticeably. Under the trees the only

conspicuous plant is the false foxglove, with tall

branches covered with large, showy, yellow flowers

the shape of which recalls the beautiful purple

foxglove of English lines.

In the swamps further inland the close white heads of the button-bush yield jasmine-like fragrance. From grassy humocks nod the violet-purple blossoms of the monkey-flower. The path of the slow stream is defined by the bright arrow-shaped leaves and spotless gold-centered flowers of the arrow-head. About the upper part of their stems are clustered the male blossoms, their three snowy petals surrounding the yellow stamens, the rather ugly female flowers with their dull green centres occupying a less conspicuous position below. This is only in some cases however; at times the staminate and pistillate blossoms are found on separate plants. The edges of the pond are blue with the long close spikes of the pickerel-weed. Over the thickets on its shore the clematis has flung a veil of feathery white. A tangle of gelden threads with little bunched white flowers show that the dodder is at its old game of living on its more self-reliant neighbors. From erect, fin- in their assertions that the transatlantic ger-like clusters comes the sweet, spicy breath of

Where the white dust of the road powders the wayside plants rise the coarse stalks of the evening primrose. These are hung with faded-looking flowers whose unsuspectedly fragrant petals gleamed through the moonlit darkness of last here by its absence, and it is manifest that the night. Among them we find a fragile, canary-yel- ord/nary tourists, who constitute the built of the low blossom which has been unable to close be cause the pink night-moth, which is the plant's regular visitor, is so overcome with sleep, or so drunk, perhaps, with nectar, that it is quite oblivious of the growing day and of its host's custom of closing its doors with sunrise. We are so unused to seeing these gay creatures that



we feel a little as if we had surprised some ballroom beauty fast asleep on the seene of her mid- family patronymic and to adopt that of Boudri.

The slender spikes of the tail purple vervain it is now comparatively rare in that country were a comet, the development of its woolly leaves shaped flowers of the moth-mullein, another emigrant, are much more pleasing than those of its kinsman. Their corollas are sometimes white, sometimes yellow, with a dash of red or purple at the centre. Their stamens are loaded with orange-colored pollen and brarled with tufts of vi det wool, which we fancy shields some hid leh nectar as their whole appearance suggests that

they aim to attract insect visitors.

Dispite the aversion with which it is regarded by the farmers, and the excelesaness with which it is overlooked by those who value only the unusual, the wild carrot is one of the most beautiful of our naturalized plants. There is a delicacy and symmetry in the feathery clusters suggestive of cobwebs, of magnified snowflakes, of the linest of laces one of its common names is Queen Anne's lace, of the daintiest creations in the worlds of both art and nature. Perhaps the most compresent flower just now is the yar-row. Its finely dissected leaves and close white clusters border every roadside. Indeed, when row. Its finely dissected leaves and close white clusters border every roadside. Indeed, when passing through New-York a short time ago it showed its familiar face in a Fifth-ave, doorward. Despite what seems to me an obvious unlikeness, it is confused frequently with the wild carrot. Five minutes' study of the two plants with a common magnifying glass will fix firmly in the mind the difference between them. It requires little botanical knowledge to recognize at once that the wild carrot is a member of the unbelliferous Parsley family. But the small heads of the yarrow so perfectly simulate separate flowers belliferous Parsley family. But the small heads of the yarrow so perfectly simulate separate flowers that this plant is less readily identified as a Composite. Huddled in hollows by the roadside are the tall stout stalks, clasping woodly leaves and great yellow disks of the elecampane, another Composite. Still another which is never found far from the highway is the chicory, the charm of whose sky-blue flowers is somewhat decreased of whose sky-blue flowers is somewhat decreased by the usually bedraggled appearance of the rest of the plant. the plant. Every true-born American ought to recognize

Every true-born American ought to recognize the opposite, widely spreading leaves and dult, whitish flower clusters of the boneset, a plant which cured, or which was Supposed to cure, so many of the ailments of our forefathers. Even to-day the country children eye it ruefully as it hangs indong dried bunches in the attie, waiting to be brewed at the slightest warning into a singularly nauscating draught. Nearly related to the boneset proper is the Joe Pre-weed, with tall stout stems surrounded by circles of rough chlong leaves, and with intensely purple-pink flowers, which are massing themselves effectively in the low meadows. In parts of the country no plant does more for the beauty of the landscape of late summer. Its is said to have taken its name from an Indian medicine-man, who found it a cure for typhos fever.

The European beliffower has become naturalized in New-England, and the roadsides now are bright

The European bellflower has become naturalized in New-England, and the roadisides now are bright with its graceful, libus-blue spires. Another brillinat emigrant which is blossoming at present is the purple lossestrife. The hotany extends its mese from Nova Seath to Delaware, but I find its myrind deep-based wards only on the swempy sheres of the Hudson and in the marshes which have for their background the level outline of the Shawangurk Mountains. Along shaded streams the jewel weeds hang their spurred, delicate pockets; these are so notions and evelow, again deep orange, spotted with reddish-brown. A day or two ago I found in the marshy woods the feathery pink stike of what I take to be the larger of the purple-fringed orchises, a belated specimen, surely, as this species was due a menth ago.

men, surely, as this species was due a menth 220.

Summer seems well advanced when we see the curved leafy stems of the Solomon's seal and twisted stalk hung, the first with blackish, the second with bright red berries. Except in the open fields fruits now are more

conspicuous than flowers. Of the latter in the woods we note chiefly the pink blossoms strung on the long leafiess stalks of the tick-trefoli; also a somewhat similar-looking plant, the lop-seed, whose small pink flowers are not pealike, however, and whose leaves are not divided, as are those of the trefolis. The inconspicuous, two-petalled white flowers and thin opposite leaves of the cushanter's right hade are a und in everywhere. On the hillside the velvety crimson plames of the staghorn sumach toss upward in the pride of fruition. Here the soft cushion of the pastare thistle yields a pleasant fragrance, and violet patches are made in the grass by the incomplete neads of the self-heat. Against the dark opal leaves of the cockspur-thorn lie red-checkel, apple-like fruit. Currant-like clust us of chokecherries hang from the thicket. The birds are twittering with joy at the feast which the black-cap bushes are yielding, and it little source. cap bushes are yielding, and a little some sparrow flies to the top of a red-sizer degwood which is heavy with its burder of white berries and gives vent to a few oubbling notes with at cestatic energy which threatens almost to hurst its little body.

PARIS BEWAILS CHICAGO.

LOOKING IN VAIN FOR AMERICAN TOUR-ISTS-A CANINE TRAGEDY.

Paris, July 18. Now that the season is definitely at an end, and that there are no more Salons, Grand Prix or National Fete to attract foreigners to Paris, a wail of despair is heard from all those hotelkeepers and tradespeople of one kind and another who have hitherto been accustomed to look upon the American tourist as their principal and most profitable prey. When the World's Fair at Chicago first began to be talked about as a reality to be held in this year of grace, the question was anxiously asked whether the Exhibition would not exercise a limiting effect on the ordinary annual invasion here by Americans during the holiday season. Knowing people ridiculed this idea and were very positive tourists would visit the Columbian Exhibition and "do" Europe as well. This predic tion has turned out to be utterly groundless and misleading. True, the best class of Americans have come, as usual, but the "quantity," as distinct from the "quality," has been conspicuous living freight conveyed eastward across the Atlantic every summer, have concluded to spend their spare cash this year at Chicago, and to put off the contemplated European trip until 1894. Their absence is keenly felt both by shopkeepers and hotelkeepers, who possibly may be taught thereby to treat henceforth with more considcration and less rapacity those American patrons from whom they have until now derived their principal source of revenue.

To this must be added the vast financial losses entailed upon people in every walk of life here by the prolonged drouth and consequent searcity of folder and of agricultural produce. So great, indeed, are the sufferings of the cattle for want of food that the Government is now actually engaged in the Forest of Schart in manufacturing a substitute for fodder out of tree twigs and leaves, according to the invention of M. Kubn.

A centenary which had just passed by almost enperceived is that of the death on the scaffold of Charlotte Corday, the scif-imposed executioner of the revolutionary tyrant Marat, whom she stabled to death in his bath. Curiously enough the head of this so-called "Angel of Assassination" is now in the possession of M. Roland Bonaparte, who returned a few weeks ago from a visit to the United States extending eyer several months. Up to 1850 the skull was in the pos-session of M. de St. Albin, the same who was entrusted with the editing and publication of the memoirs of Dietator Barras, and who, at the personal request of Empress Eugenie, omitted that portion thereof in which Barras shows that the bones placed under the Chapelle Expiatoire were not those of King Louis XVI and of his wife, Marie Antoinette, but those of their cruel executioner, Robespierre. In connection with this it may be mentioned that Marat had an only brother who was employed in Russia, first of all as tutor of the Counts Stroganoff and subsequently as that of the famous poet Pushkine. Owing to the execution attached to the name of his murdered brother, he was forced to abandon his

After many years of delay, discussion and conhave a somewhat jazzed appearance, owing to flict, we are at length to have a new Opera the reluctance of its little deep-hued flowers to Comique in lieu of the one that fell a prey to the open simultaneously. The mulledn is not without this same peculiarity. Its sleepy looking definitely accepted, work is to be begun at In fact, I think found favor in the sight of the committee of no cause to regret the distance of the capital, older we have indees and who has wen the 10,000-franc prize "Alexandre Dumas fils," says the journal, "gets up it is the most "logy" looking plant we have judges, and who has won the 10,000-frane prize A'though it came to us originally from Eagland, offered by the Government, is M. Bernier, of the Leole des Beaux Arts. His design presents a con-Mr. Larroughs quotes a Lendon correspondent, siderable contrast to that of the Grand Opera who soys that when one comes up in solltary building, by reason of its superior stateliness and glory its appearance is heralded much as if it simplicity, the facade in particular being very majestic; and the entire building, when completed, will be far more appropriate as a home and the growth of its spike being watched and pleted, will be far more appropriate as a home reported upon day by day. The broad butterfly- for serious, and what may be described as grand opera, than for opera comique.

Among the clesing events of the season may be mentioned the wedding of the only daughter of the Due de Godagne to the Marquis de Portes, at the Church of St. Pierre de Chaillot, on Wednesday last. The church was filled with the fine flour of Parisian society, there being present the Comte de Portes, brother of the bridegroom; Mme, Joest, grandmother of the bride; Marquis and Marquise de Colbert; M. Hutton, uncle of the Marquis de Portes: General Marquis d'Audigne, Marquis de Galard, Countess de Sapi naud, Count de Montgomery, Dowager Duchess de Doudeauville, Prince and Princess de Beauffremont Courtenay, Count and Countess de Montesquiou, M. and Mme. de Bonnechose, Vicomtesse d'Ouvrier, Marquis de Nedouchel, etc. The re ception following the ceremony was given in the splendid residence of Mme. Joest in the Rue Laborde, where the many valuable presents were displayed. The gifts of the bridegroom were a coupe, a double riviere of large diamonds, old laces, antique fans, sables, three immense solitaire diamonds, emerald and diamond ring, diamond crescent, diamond hatpins, and ruby necklace, turquoise and diamond watch, diamond and ruby ring and two bracelets set with rubies. Mme, Joest gave a set of Louis XVI furniture for a salon, and the Due de Gadagne a collar composed of ten rows of pearls; Count de Portes, an emerald and diamond diadem, diamond bracelet, umbrella with gold handle, studded with turquoises; Countess de Sapinaud, a royal Dresden tea and coffee service; Marquis de Galard, a silver gilt soup tureen; Countess de Montgomery, three diamond aigrettes, Dowager Duchess de Doudeauville, a ruby and diamond bracelet and complete silver service; Marquis de Pomereu, a white feather fan; Baron de Montfaucon, a pearl and diamond ring; Baroness Nathaniel de Rothschild, a Louis XV soup tureen : Prince and Princess de Broglie, two silver bottles; Mine, de Wendel, antique Dresden vase; Mme. de Busson, antique hairpins; Count de Miculle, silver gilt cordial service; M. Moreau, Louis XVI table; Vicomte de Leusse, Louis XVI clock, and Mme. de Sourdeval, a silver gilt chocolate service. There have been so many accidents in the vari-

ous fencing schools, owing to the breaking of feils, that your readers may be interested to hear of a tragedy of that character to which I was a witness one evening last week. The scene of the mishap was in one of the tents at the Foire de Nuilly, where a very clever troop of performing dogs are nightly drawing large crowds. performing dogs are nightly drawing large crowds. The two star performers were a couple of poodles named "Blanco" and "Dash," and the most attractive portion of the programme was as suredly the duel in which each of them, arrayed in a shirt and pair of trougers, with a folitied to his right forepaw, parried and thrust in the most energetic fashion. Each of the principals had a couple of seconds, poodles like themselves, but arrayed in long black frock coate, high silk hats and trougers turned up at the bettom, while another column looking white

poodle, with a big pair of spe nose, squatted gravely on his has open case of surgical infruments. The fencing had scarcely begun on the evening when I was there, when suddenly one of the folls broke just at the very moment 'Dash' was lunging forward, and the broken foll penetrated "Blanco's" breast up to the very lift. The proceedings were brought to an immediate close, the wounded animal expiring a few moments afterward, while licking the hands of the impresario, who took advantage of the sentiments of regret and pity awakened in our breasts by the spectacle to take up a collection, presumably for the widow and children of the dead duellist, poor "Dash," the unwilling slayer of "Blanca," meanwhile filling the test with lugubrious howls of sorrow at the death of his fellow-actor.

There is scarcely a letter that I write in which I am not called upon to record the disappearance of some familiar feature of Parisian life. I sup-pose there is hardly a single American tourist who has left this city without going to see the "Chat Noir" in the Rue Laval, which is one of the most characteristically Gallic places of entertainment imaginable. And yet it is the Chat Noir and ite preprietor and creator, M. Salis, who are about to vanish from the scene. Rodolphe Salis is no ordinary restaurant proprietor. He beran his career as an artist, but finding small success, opened . little cabaret in the Boulevard Rochechouart, which at first became the meeting place of his own bohemian comrades, and afterward of all young Parisians who possessed artistic temperaments. At Le Chat Noir budding poets recited their new poems, and budding painters displayed their new canvases. The popularity of the place became so great that in 1886 M. Salis removed to the building in the Rue Laval, which includes a tiny theatre, the sene of many hilarious first nights. The cafe had additional fame thrust upon it by the establishment of the satirical paper bearing the same name, the "Chat Noir," in the pages of which have appeared some of the gost fanciful ereations of that audacious and clever artist Willotte. M. Salis is now retiring, not only with large fertune, but also with a big collection of original pictures, the work of some of his most celebrated patrons and friends. The discussion by the Senate the day before yes.

terday of the annual budget of the Legion of Honor has brought to light the fact that there are exactly six survivors of the victorious armies of the first Napoleon, or as they call them here, Medailles de Seinte l'elene." Death has in deed decimated their ranks in a peculiarly relentless manner during the last few years. In 1882 there were nearly 4,000 of these veterans left, In 1891 only forty-even survived, while in January, 1892, there were but fifteen. To-day the number has shrunk to six, every one of them being over 160 years old. They are each in receipt of a pension from the Treasury of the Order of the Legion of Honor amounting to exactly \$50 a year, which under the circumstances may be described as cheap glory. The city of Paris is just at the present moment

in rather a pretty dilemma. A dispute has been waging for a long time between the metropolis and the Department of the Seine-et-Oise relative to the impurities of the Seine water. Arrangements to remedy the evil were adopted, which took the form of the acquisition by the city of some large fields for filtration purposes. One of these fields belonged to a M. Louchet, formerly Mayor of Herblay, and which, it is said, he pur-chased for about 100 francs, or \$20. He objected to his property being forcibly acquired, even for to his property being forcibly acquired, even for purposes of public utility. The matter was submitted for final decision to a jury of valuation composed, through carelessness on the part of the authorities, of proprietors of the same district, every one of them as lutterly opposed to the projected improvement as M. Louchet himself, M. Louchet began by demanding 10,000,000 francs, or about \$2,000,000, his aim being to render the price prohibitive; and to his immense surprise, the jury actually awarded the sum demanded. According to the legal experts who have been consulted, the award appears likely to hold good since the corporation cannot now refuse to purchase alter having pledged itself to accept. Efforts are being made to find some flaw in the process with a view to upsetting the verdige of the jury.

THE HOME LIFE OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

HE LIVES AND WHAT HE DOES AT MARLY-LE-ROI-HIS DEEP INTER-EST IN SCIENCE.

The most prominent citizen of Marly-le-Rol, where President Carnot of France has been staying this summer, is Alexandre Dumas. The author, in fact, was among those who welcomed the head of the great Republic to the quiet village. Ac-cording to a writer in "La Revue Illustree," Du-mas leads an ideal life in his lovely home, and has at 5 o'clock in the morning, winter as well as sum-mer, takes a long walk, and returns to attend to his mail. Neither cold nor bad weather prevents him from carrying out this plan. He sleeps the year round with the windows and doors of the room adjoining his bed-chamber open. His meals are exceedingly frugal for a man so active. He are exceedingly liquor, seldom touches wine and never smokes. At 10 o'clock at night he is in bed. In smokes. At the 'Dame aux Camelias,' written the preface to the 'Dame aux Camelias,' written in 1867, Dumas describes his own rules of life, both physical and moral, in the form of advice to his readers. The passage characterizes the man so perfectly that it is worthy of repetition in part " 'Walk two hours a day; sleep seven hours every

night; go to bed when you feel the need of sleep; get up when you awaken; work when you get up lrink except when thirsty, and always slowly. Do not speak except when it is necessary, and do not say but the half of what you think; write nothing that you could not sign; do nothing that

"'Do not forget that others depend upon you, and that you should not depend upon them. Do not estimate money at more or less than it is of death every morning on seeing the light, and every night when the darkness returns. When you suffer much, look grief in the face; she will console you and tell you something. Force yourself to be simple, to be useful, to remain free; and before denying God, be sure that it is proved to you

that He does not exist.' "'Think of death every morning," etc. It is perhaps with these words that one can explain the tendency of Dumas to isolate himself—a ten-

dency that is certain. "Recently only scientific questions seem to attract the attention of the literary philosopher. You see,' he said one day, 'in reality, science

'You see,' he said one day, 'In reality, science alone is eternal. Literary works very rarely survive their authors; and assuredly the greatest artistic work is far from having so great an effect or influence as the least scientific discovery. 'Pasteur and Berthelot excite especially his admiration. His table and the shelves of his library are filled with scientific reviews and books on science. His works of art are almost the only distraction at Marly. Despite the numerous sales which he has conducted, or rather because of them, the collection is valuable. If the number of works is less, the value of those remaining is greater because of the sorting.

'In a room of the ground floor containing the bust of Dumas, the father, by Chapu, a subject for artistic admiration and the object of filial veneration, is a superb billiard table, on which Dumas plays for hours with his grandson, eleven years old.

'Visitors seldom very seldom go to Marly, Lit-

tion, is a superior old.

"Visitors seldom, very seldom, go to Marly. Literary men there are in the minority. (One cannot always talk shop.) There the qualities of the heart and spirit are prized, and little interest is taken in the literary and political opinions of the people. The following anecdote will show the position of Dumas on these points:
"Rightly or wrongly, among certain classes Dumas is supposed to have rather old-fashioned political opinions. At the time of the Commune a person very well known in the Partislan world called on Dumas and begged him to aid in the escape of a famous Communist by procuring a false passport for him. A false passport, that was too much. The author, however, curiously and ingenuously proposed to accompany the man to M. Thiers and induce the President to lend them his aid. The surprise of M. Thiers may be imagined when receiving such an application. But Dumas was so eloquent that the request was granted.

"Very well: so be it, said the President. He had be allowed to secane and since we are